

1946

Graduation

ABHS



JUNE - ISSUE

*Success
to the
Class of 1946*

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THE ABHIS

VOL. XXV

JUNE, 1946

No. 3

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ABHIS STAFF

Editor, Richard D'Amato; Literary Editor, Jane Owen; Art Editor, Joyce Arnold; Business Manager, Marilyn Clark; Sports, Bruce Crawford. Faculty Advisor, Miss Annie Chadbourne.

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THE ABHIS



FACULTY

Front Row — Miss Hart, Supt. Howard F. Mason, Prin. C. M. Frolio, Miss Nash, Secretary.

Second Row — Mrs. Goodspeed, Mr. Palopoli, Mr. Dennis, Miss Gervais.

Third Row — Miss Gorman, Miss Bailey, Mr. Tyni, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Goodhue, Secretary.

Fourth Row — Miss Chadbourne, Miss Curtin, Miss Carsley, Miss Hill.

Fifth Row — Mr. Morey, Mr. Gorman, Mr. Semino, Mr. Verdun, Mr. Kelleher.



STUDENT COUNCIL

President, Joseph Post; *Vice-President*, Kenneth Bates; *Secretary*, Jane Tobin;
Treasurer, Jane Owen.

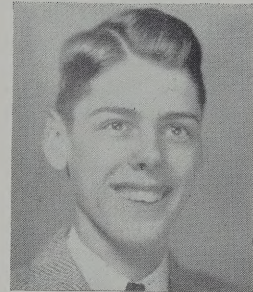
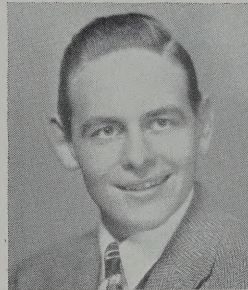
CLASS OF 1946

JOSEPH D. POST

"Joe"

*"I am Sir Oracle, and when I open
my lips let no dog bark."*

Class President 4; Student Council
Vice-President 3, President 4; Football
2, 3, 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Class
Play 4.



KARL P. LIPSOHN

"Lip"

*"Let the world slip: We will ne'er
be younger."*

Class Vice-President 4, President 2;
Spanish Club 3; Football manager 1,
2, 3, 4; B.A.A. 4; Glee Club 1.

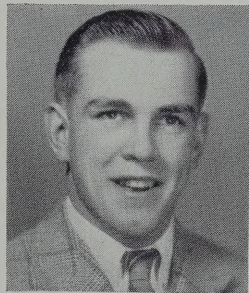


JANE W. OWEN

"Janie"

*"Sword of Common Sense! Our
purest gift."*

Class Secretary 3, 4; ABHIS 1, 2, 3,
Literary Editor 4; G.A.A. 1, 2, Vice-
President 3, President 4; Cheer leader
4; Class Play 4; Student Council 1, 2,
3, Treasurer 4.



DAVID J. ROAN

"Dave"

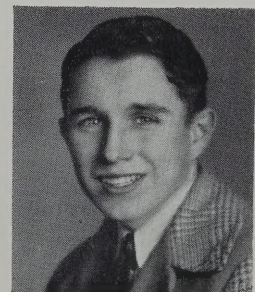
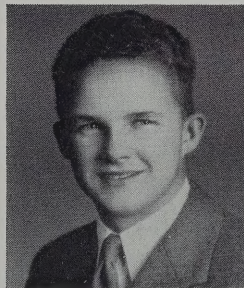
*"Where there is more of singing
and less of sighing."*

B.A.A. Co-Chairman 3, 4; Football 2,
3, Co-Captain 4; Current Events 4;
Baseball 2, 3, 4; Student Council 4.

GERARD ANGELEY

"Gerry"

"Live and let live."



JOHN ANGELEY

"Jack"

*"The world's great men have not
always been scholars."*

Band 1, 2; B.A.A. 3.

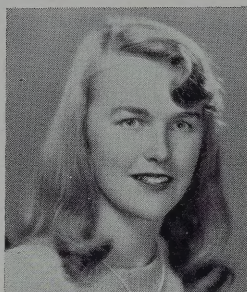
THE ABHIS



JANE LOIS ANGELEY "Lo"

"Mine is a time of peace. 'Tis not often that I grieve."

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; G.A.A. 1, 2, 3; Shorthand Club 3.



JOYCE ARNOLD "Jo"

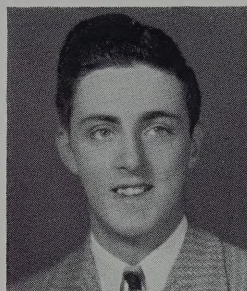
"Individuality is the salt of life."

ABHIS 1, 2, Art Editor 3, 4; Art Club 3, 4, President 3; Dramatic Club 3, 4; G.A.A. 1, 2; Cheerleader 4; Class Play 4.

KENNETH BATES "Ken"

"I can be pushed just so far."

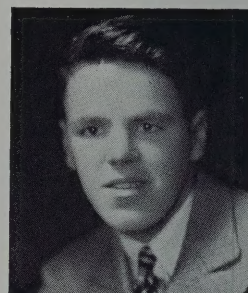
Student Council 1, 2, 3, Vice-President 4; B.A.A. 3, 4; Football 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, Co-Captain 4; Baseball Manager 3, 4; Track 4.



JOHN BOWDEN "Bowse"

"A good heart's better than all the heads in the world."

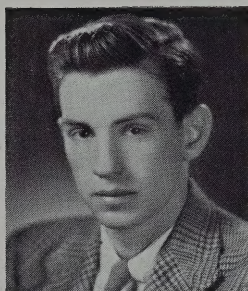
B.A.A. 3; Glee Club 2.



LOUIS BOWMAR "Lou"

"It is better to live rich than die rich."

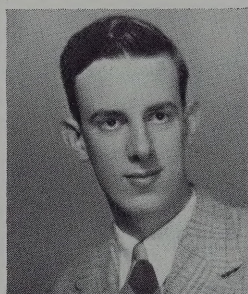
Football 1, 3, 4; B.A.A. 3, 4; Band 1; Track 4; Class Treasurer 3.



EDWARD CHEVERIE "Ed"

*"Conscience clear,
He falls asleep with naught to fear."*

Spanish Club 3; Stamp Club 3.



MARILYN CLARK "Marnie"

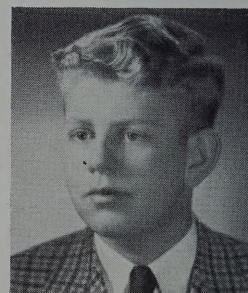
"The word for me is 'Joy'."

ABHIS 3, Business Editor 4; Dramatic Club 3, Vice-President 4; G.A.A. 1, 2, 3; Cheerleader 4; Class Play 4; Basketball 1, 2.

BRUCE CRAWFORD

"He made some laugh by speaking the truth."

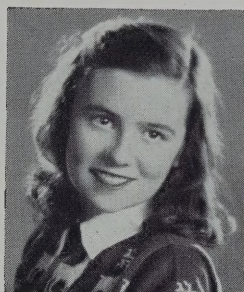
ABHIS 4; Class Play 4; Spanish Club, Secretary-Treasurer 3; Art Club 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3.



JANE CROWLEY

*"The charms which kindness has
to give."*

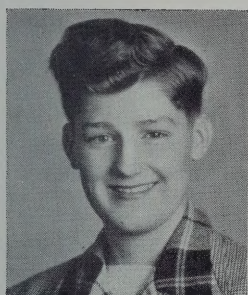
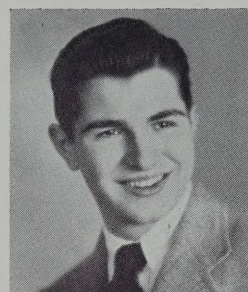
G.A.A. 1, 2, 3; Stenography 3.



RICHARD D'AMATO "Dick"

"I have tried hard to do the right."

Class Valedictorian; ABHIS 2, 3,
Editor 4; Science Club 3, President 4;
Spanish Club 3; Glee Club 3; Class
Play 4.



WILLIAM DEAN

"Clem"

"Laugh and be well."

B.A.A. 3; Football 1, 2, Ass't Manager
3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, Manager 4; Glee
Club 1, 2, 4; Current Events 3.



LEONA DiCICCO

*"Sweet and well-contained, as
silent as an oyster."*

Glee Club 1; Health Club 3.

ROBERT DONOVAN "Cracker"

"I can cheerfully take it."

Football 2, 3, 4; B.A.A. 3, 4; Science
Club 4; Current Events 3.

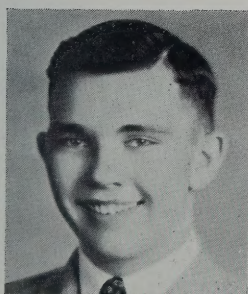


JEAN DRAKE

"Jed"

"A good heart's worth gold."

Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Stenography Club 3;
Dramatic Club 4.

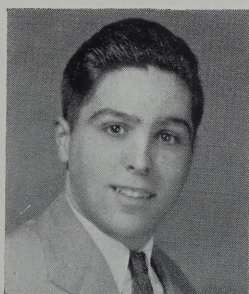


ROBERT DRISCOLL

"Dris"

"Hush, our hero sleeps."

Class Historian; Class Play 4; ABHIS
4; Football 2; Math Club 3; Glee
Club 2, 4.

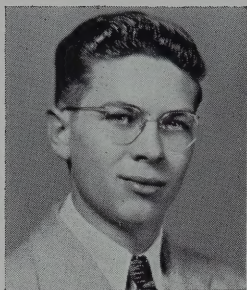


RICHARD DUHAIME "Tubby"

*"Ye were made of brawn and
truth."*

B.A.A. Treasurer 3, 4; Football 3, 4;
Track 4; Stamp Club 4.

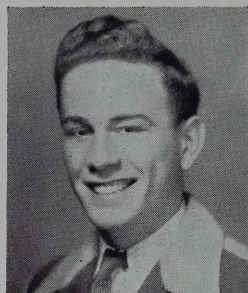
THE ABHIS



EDWARD FAFARD "Ed"

*"A good name's better far than
all earth's glistening jewels are!"*

Glee Club 3; Current Events 4.



KENNETH ELDRIDGE "Elly"

*"A man of right and forward-
looking mind."*

Football 2; B.A.A. 3; Track 4; Science
Club, Vice-President 4.

PHILIP C. FADER "Phil"

*"This man makes friends without
half trying."*

Football 3, 4; Tumbling Team 4;
B.A.A. 3, 4; Science Club 4; Glee
Club 3, 4.



ANNA GARJIAN "Ann"

*"To keep in sight Perfection and
adore the vision is the artist's
best delight."*

ABHIS 4; Art Club 2, 3, 4; Health
Club 3.



MARY GINIEWICZ "Marce"

*"Sugar and spice and all things
nice."*

G.A.A. 1, 2, 3, 4; ABHIS 3, 4; Dra-
matic Club 3, Secretary 4; Basketball
2, 3, Co-Captain 4; Cheerleader 4.



ROBERT JACOBY "Bob, Jake"

*"He turns it to a mirth-moving
jest."*

Band 4; Class Play 4; South Boston
High 1, 2, 3.



CAROLYN B. KEITH "Kitty"

*"Who mixed reason with pleasure
and wisdom with mirth."*

ABHIS 3, Secretary 4; Dramatic Club
2, Secretary 3, President 4; Art Club,
President 4; Cheerleader 4; Class
Play 4; G.A.A. 1, 2, 3.



LORRAINE HALEY "Rainey"

"Truth hath a quiet breast."

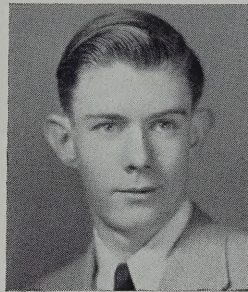
Glee Club 1; Health Club 3.



EDWARD KIERNAN "Eddie"

"Work first and rest after."

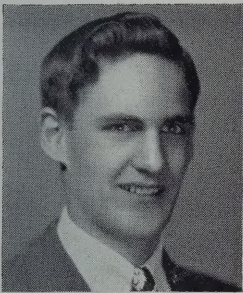
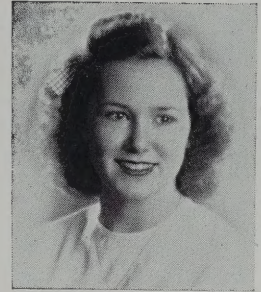
Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Current Events Club 3; Tumbling Team 4; Track Team 4; Orchestra 3; Stage Manager, Class Play 4.



DOROTHY LEDWELL "Dottie"

"A good heart doeth good like a medicine."

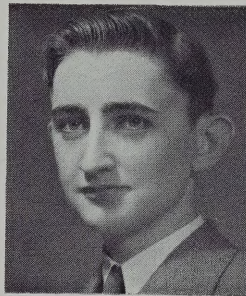
Library Club 2; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Stenography Club 3, 4; Class Play 4; ABHIS 4.



DAVID LEONARD "Dave"

"Well, no sense in gettin' riled."

Tumbling Team 4.



GEORGE LETTENNEY

"The nation's safe as long as men get to their work and back again."

Glee Club 2, 4; Math Club 3; Spanish Club 3; Current Events Club 3.

RUTH LILLIE "Ruthie"

"The truly generous are the truly wise."

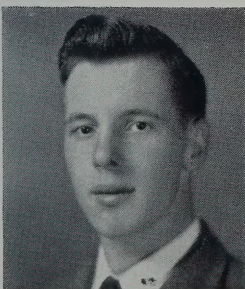
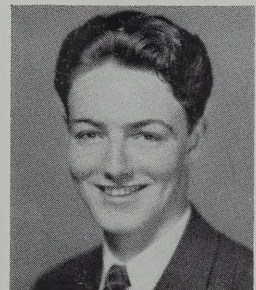
G.A.A. 1, 2, 3, Treasurer 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Spanish Club 3; Current Events Club 3; Class Historian 4.



JOHN MACKENZIE "Mac"

"I'll not budge an inch."

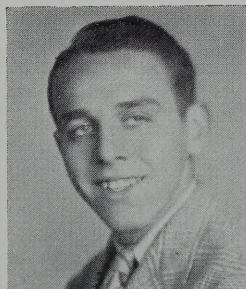
Football 3, 4; B.A.A. 3, 4; Glee Club 3, 4; Science Club 4.



CHARLES MARBLE "Charlie"

"A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse."

Glee Club 3, 4; B.A.A. 3; Current Events Club 3.



EDWIN MATTSON "Matt"

"Seeing what is fair and just."

Glee Club 3; B.A.A. 1, 2; Tumbling Team 4.

THE ABHIS



BARBARA McKEOWN "Barb"

"I shall go softly all my life."

G.A.A. 1, 2, 3; Dramatic Club 3; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4.



CHARLOTTE MURPHY "Murph"

*"She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with."*

ABHIS 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 3;
G.A.A. 1, 2, 3; Cheerleader 4; Band
2, 3.

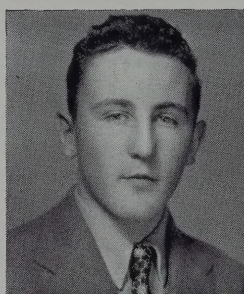
WILLARD NEWCOMB "Willie"

*"As good natured a soul as ever
trod on shoe leather."*

ROBERTA PORTER "Bob"

*"Her ways are ways of pleasantness
And all her paths are peace."*

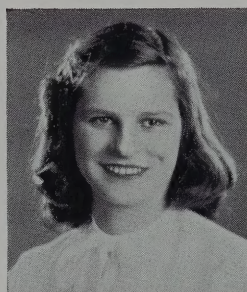
Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Stenography Club
3, 4.



ALICE PRATT "Dotty"

*"A merry heart maketh a cheerful
countenance."*

G.A.A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 2,
3; Secretary 3; Glee Club 1; Typing
Club 3.



JOAN RAPLES "Jo-Jo"

*"I am sure that care's an enemy
to life."*

Dramatic Club 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2;
G.A.A. 1; Cheerleader 4.

RUTH RICHARDSON "Ruthie"

*"Few words but coming from a heart
filled with truth."*

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; G.A.A. 1, 2.



MARGARET ROGERS "Peggy"

"A penny for your thoughts."

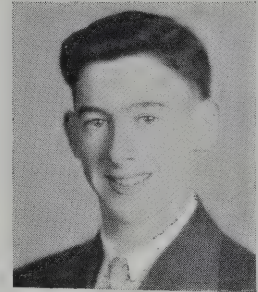
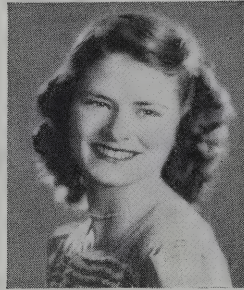
G.A.A. 1, 3; Glee Club 1, 3, 4;
Stenography Club 3, 4.



MARJORIE SHAW "Midge"

"Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?"

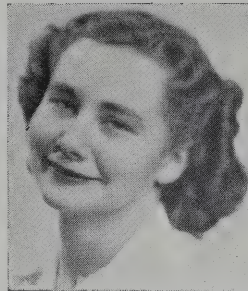
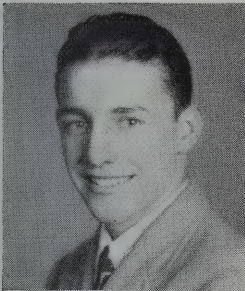
G.A.A. 1, 2, 4; Current Events Club 3; Library Club 3; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4.



GORDON SLINGER "Sling"

"I pull no high brow stuff."

Basketball 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 2, 4; Track 4; Football 3; Current Events Club 3.



ASHLEY SMITH "Moe"

"Them that asks no questions isn't told a lie."

Basketball 2, 3; Football 4; B.A.A. 3.

LAURA SMITH "Mickey"

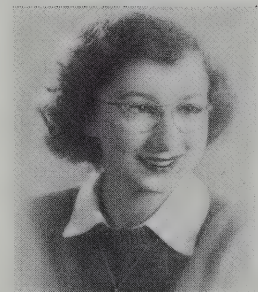
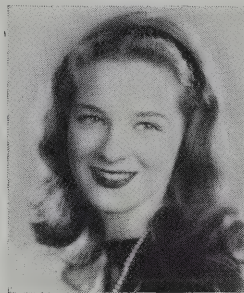
"That which befits me is cheerfulness."

G.A.A. 1, 2; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4.

ELIZABETH STEVENS "Betty"

"I know what I like."

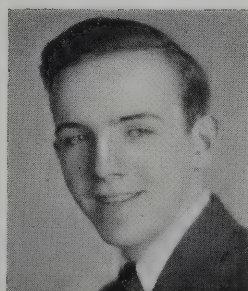
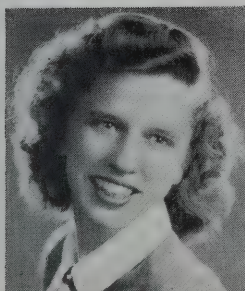
Art Club, Vice-President 3, Secretary 4; Class Play 4; Cheerleader 4; Student Council 1; Current Events 3.



BARBARA TAYLOR "Barb"

"She was ever fair, and never proud."

Glee Club 1, 2, 3; G.A.A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Library Club 3.



PRISCILLA TAYLOR "Pussy"

"Virtue is alone true nobility."

Class Salutatorian; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Stenography Club 3, President 4; G.A.A. 1, 2.

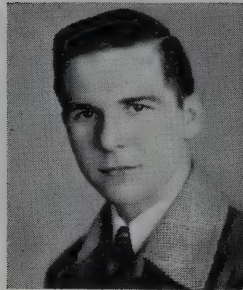
ROBERT TAYLOR "Bob"

"A firmness of purpose that will overcome caprice."

Weymouth High School 1, 2, 3. Stage Manager, Class Play 4.

ROBERT THAYER "Brud"
"Men of few words are the best men."

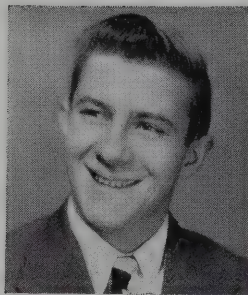
B.A.A. 3, 4; Football 3, 4; Basketball
 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4.



BETTY WARD "Bet"

*"The mildest manner and the
 gentlest heart."*

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; G.A.A. 1, 2.



ALLAN WINSOR "Shikie"

*"He will maintain his argument as
 well as any military man in the world."*

Football 2, 3, 4; Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4;
 Track 4; B.A.A. 4; Art Club, Treasurer 4.

JULIAN GIBSON "Gib"

*"I never like being hit without
 striking back."*

B.A.A., Co-Chairman 3, 4; Football
 1, 2, 3, Co-Captain 4.

AMILEAN PASTUSZAK "Skinny"

"Even more than warrior's courage."

United States Marines.



CLASS HISTORY

On September 9, 1942, much to the consternation of the high school teachers, the present senior class entered Abington High School.

At first, like all freshmen, we were scared to death, but soon, under the dubiously helpful guidance of the upperclassmen, we became acquainted and promptly proceeded to do some of the things for which freshmen are noted.

By way of initiation on move up day in June, the senior girls trapped Jerry Angeley near the auditorium door and proceeded to plaster him with lipstick—the color being equivalent to his blushing face and how attractive those blond curls were!

After we became acquainted, we elected our freshman officers: "Dick" Morey as President, Jane Owen as Vice-President, Joyce Arnold as Secretary, and "Kitty" Keith as Treasurer.

At the annual reception to freshmen girls given by the seniors, all were amused by the awkward attempts of the freshmen to master the art of dancing.

During our freshman year, the world was astonished by the advent of the great magazine the "Freshman Reflector" edited successfully by Dick Morey. The following poem shows the ingenuity of our editor:

"THAT CHEMIST, GREER"

*"There once lived a chemist whose name was Greer,
Many people thought his actions queer.
His coat and pants were old and drab,
And he worked every night in his gloomy lab.
His beakers bubbled and his test tubes boiled
As he mixed and measured and nightly toiled.
The people who saw him always said
That there wasn't much up there in his head.
Upon a dark and dismal night
The rain beat down with all its might
On the roof of our friend, the Chemist Greer;
In his lab, he is working, so let us go near.
What is he mixing in that rounded pot?
A match he is touching to the powdered lot.
There is a flash and a roar as the pot blows up!
And so ends the life of that queer old pup."*

At the beginning of our freshman year, our class was highly honored by the entrance of Joe Post and Al Winsor—who later became star athletes and Ed Cheverie who became a star in Sol Verdun's science classes.

Charlie Gorman's Latin class was dazzled by his sharp clothes, especially his bright-colored ties.

Probably the greatest thrill of the year for Jeanne Drake was her being picked up by Teddy Hendrick after her fall downstairs.

It didn't take long for the freshman girls to gain the attention of the senior boys and they were

soon seen hitting the high spots of the town together. Remember the popularity of Joyce Arnold, Pat Peavey, Jeanne Drake and Charlotte Murphy!

Toward the last half of our freshman year, Broni Malinowski left the faculty to enter the armed forces.

One day, the late Mr. Charles Moulton, beloved by all, was attempting to show his general science students the wonders of this scientific age, namely an experiment covering a glass of water with paper and inverting it to show that the paper would stick, when suddenly an accident occurred. The paper didn't behave properly and as a result floor, students, and teacher got a free shower—an episode very much enjoyed by all.

Because of the war, our class was obliged to break the annual tradition of "A Day at Nantasket."

As the freshman year drew to a close, the mystery of "Who Stole Barbie McKeown's shoes in study hall" remained unsolved.

The beginning of the sophomore year saw some new faces but some of the old ones were missing, among them being Charlie Gorman who had left to enter the service and Bob Mulready and "Frenchie" St. James, who had entered the Navy. Louis Bowmar, a prominent member of the class, spent the year in Florida. Among the new teachers were: Mr. Pine, mathematics teacher who offered to act as a sparring partner to anyone who felt pugilistic—though that occasion never arose; Mr. Morss, who substituted for Mr. Gorman as Latin and modern history teacher, and Miss Argus who taught Spanish and physical training. Dave Roan, Brockton's gift to Abington High, also entered and for three years blazed a trail in the sports world. After having served in the U. S. Navy with the SeaBees, Lennie Palopoli was warmly welcomed back to A. H. S. in the middle of our sophomore year. Sol Verdun came to Abington High this same year to take over the science department.

The class officers elected for this year were: Karl Lipsohn, President; Jane Owen, Vice-President; Betty Stevens, Secretary, and Marilyn Clark, Treasurer.

The sophomore dance which was converted into a poverty party went over big with a profit of \$60. The Girls' Athletic Association sponsored a leap year dance and did the girls have a fight over who was going to take which boy! The dance was one of the most successful ever held at the Abington High School.

The girls of our class well remember the back-breaking exercises conducted by Miss Argus in the gym classes. The Spanish class started off well, but by the end of the year, Miss Argus, affectionately called "Argie," nearly had a nervous breakdown.

During our February vacation, Miss Argus took the Spanish class to Boston for dinner and a show after which we all went over to her house in Brookline. The girls in the neighborhood who came over to Miss Argus's house made it very interesting for the boys, anyway, and Miss Argus's cousin, a sailor, made it *just as interesting* for the girls.

In the fall of 1943, the Abington High School football team were co-winners of the class C championship. Naturally the student body was elated with this honor.

Midway through the year Mr. Pine was replaced by Mr. Steinhardt whose stories of Austria greatly amused the geometry class.

Al Winsor caused not a little consternation to a member of the faculty when he came leisurely walking across the field one morning brazenly smoking a cigarette (which he had the colossal nerve to throw down in the yard behind the school!) Later in class he was severely reprimanded by Miss Chadbourne.

And so our sophomore year ended with many young romances budding—to come into full bloom during the ensuing year, but with many changes too numerous to mention. Mr. Palopoli said at a dean's meeting when a boy asked him if a boy and a girl should "go steady" in high school: "A puppy's love leads to a dog's life."

If any one could have been in front of the high school during our junior and senior years when the fire alarm resounded with such soothing tones, he would have seen "Clem" Dean and "Kennie" Bates rushing out of the school in great haste, jumping onto a fire truck, and speeding off to the fire. I don't know what the Abington Fire Department would do without "Chief" Bates and "Captain" Dean.

The class officers elected for this year were: Dick Morey, President; Karl Lipsohn, Vice-President; Jane Owen, Secretary, and Louis Bowmar, who had just returned from Florida, as Treasurer.

This year brought a new member to the faculty at Abington High School—Miss Margery Bailey, head of the Mathematics department—who took over Mr. Steinhardt's position. Miss Bailey brought about order in the world of square roots and hypotenuses. Miss Bailey will well remember her attempts to teach us second-year algebra, solid geometry, and of course, trigonometry. It's great stuff—when you know what you are doing.

This year, much to the girls' dismay, Charlie Walsh left us to go to Beverly High School. The following is a poem written by Jane Owen about Mr. Walsh when she was a freshman:

"MR. WALSH"

"Enchanting to all the freshman girls

Are Mr. Walsh's big blue eyes;

When he smiles they twinkle so brightly

That through the room can be heard many sighs"

Herb Semino then came to take over Charlie Walsh's position as football coach. Many of the girls were excited over the advent of another good-looking male member to the faculty. The feminine beauty of the faculty was enhanced by the addition of Mrs. John Williams who came to take over the domestic science classes.

One day in chemistry class, Mr. Verdun asked Charlie Marble to take the fire extinguisher into the next room. Charlie, obliging soul that he is, took the extinguisher and accidentally inverted it. It made an awful roar while everyone struggled to contain himself, and the ingredients came gushing out all over the floor, wall and ceiling.

During the last half of the year Miss Gorman was forced to take a leave of absence on account of illness. We cannot begin to tell her how happy we are that she was able to return to her work for our last year.

This year, by beating a strong Plymouth team in a close game, Coach Dick Morey's basketball team won the South Shore Class A Championship, giving us two legs on the Trophy.

The junior prom was a genuine flop. We didn't make a cent. A good excuse for the flop was that many schools had their prom the same evening. This year our treasury nearly went into bankruptcy. We were always drawing money but never depositing it.

At the end of the year, the Spanish Club under the capable supervision of Miss Argus, went to Nantasket Beach. We spent all afternoon swimming. During the evening we went for a ride and stopped to watch the closing innings of a softball game between two Army teams. After eating supper, we went to Paragon Park and tested all the entertainment devices. After downing their fears, several members, including Miss Argus, went for a ride on the roller coaster. Soon afterward, we were forced to leave because Miss Argus became *unexplainably* ill.

The beginning of the senior year saw the usual excitement preceding the football season. This year a new event was to take place that affected not only Abington, but many surrounding communities as well. This event was the First Annual South Shore Football Jamboree to be held here in Abington. Abington was paired with Quincy High and made a good showing despite its ultimate defeat. Fans witnessed one of the best high school football games held in many years when Abington tied Milton 13-13 in the closing minutes of the game with an unexpected dropkick by co-captain Dave Roan.

This year Mr. Tyni and Mr. Gorman returned to Abington High from the armed forces replacing Miss Argus and Mr. Morss respectively. This year Dick Morey was awarded a scholarship to

Andover; Bob Taylor, noted for his oratorical ability, and Bob Jacoby, the "Harry James" of Abington High School with his 1924 model "T", became members of our class.

The senior class officers elected were: Joe Post, President, who was also President of the Student Council; Karl Lipsohn, Vice-President; Jane Owen, Secretary, and Dave Roan, Treasurer.

At the annual football banquet, Dave Roan was awarded the first Sheehan Trophy given in honor of the late Michael F. Sheehan, one of the town's most ardent football fans.

In January, Amelian "Skinny" Pastuszak, an ex-Marine, came back to finish his high school education at Abington High.

This year, the competition in basketball for both boys and girls was better than usual. Mary Giniewicz, co-captain of the girls' team, was injured in the first game and forced to forego active participation for the remainder of the season. Kenny Bates and Dave Roan, co-captains of the boys' basketball team, showed up brilliantly in their leadership.

The senior class play entitled "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," coached by Mrs. Maida Perry Arnold, was a smash hit. The cast mastered the difficult dialect superbly. Everyone played his part so well that it was impossible to designate an individual star. It was one of the best plays ever presented at Abington High.

Abington High was again represented at the "Junior Town Meeting of the Air" with Bob Taylor, the aforementioned oratorical wizzard, handling the subject capably.

Herb Semino's Problems of Democracy Class presented a murder and kidnap trial. The District Attorney, Al Winsor, showed remarkable ability by convicting the accused, Bob Donovan. Bob MacKenzie, the attorney for the defense, did well; his defeat was due to insufficient alibis. Bruce Crawford, the judge, pronounced Donovan to be hanged the next day. Any resemblance to official trials is purely coincidental.

Upon returning to school after the Easter vacation, the student body was saddened to learn that Mr. Henry Thackleberry, head janitor, had been forced to resign because of illness. We certainly miss him!

Our new track team, under the capable supervision of Mr. Toiva Tyni is doing credit to the school with such illustrious trackmen as Eddie Kiernan, Louis Bowmar, Gordon Slinger, Al Winsor and Kennie Eldridge. At the first annual South Shore Tumbling Exhibition held in the Brockton Y.M.C.A., the girls' team won second prize and the boys' team won third prize—Abington being the only school to win two prizes.

At this writing, our baseball team has established a record for itself having won every game to date

with the added thrill of beating Whitman and Rockland. We are leading the Eastern Division of the newly-formed South Shore Conference. Members of our class who are members of this startling team are the hard-hitting "Dave" Roan, "Joe" Post and "Brud" Thayer.

Now as the senior year closes and we look back upon our brief high school career, we realize all that the teachers have done for us and we sincerely appreciate their efforts.

We are truly grateful to Mr. Kelleher, our faculty advisor, for the helpful counseling given us during our high school days.

We express our sincere appreciation to Miss Curtin for her aid in writing this history.

RUTH LILLIE '46

ROBERT DRISCOLL '46

FOUR SCHOOL YEARS

At last we were freshmen, young and shy;

Eight whole years had passed us by.

It took some time to learn the ropes,

But we were young, and we had hopes.

The teachers all were strange and new,

And bound that they would pass us through

The four long years of education,

Preparing us for an occupation.

A sophomore! One whole year had passed!

It seemed so different from the last.

We looked down our noses freckled

And at Freshmen, jeered and heckled.

Just because we'd passed one year,

Through the corridors we would tear.

Ah, "Ignorance is bliss," they say

But we were sure we'd make it pay.

A junior! School was such a bore!

We knew it all, could we learn more?

Our education seemed complete

Against the world we could compete.

Ah, we were brave and we were bold,

Just one year and we would hold

Diplomas in our work-soiled hands.

Raise up the flag! Strike up the bands!

Yea, senior, sad, there's no more work,

There are no more duties from which to shirk.

Upon the world, they've set us free;

And to the town, given us the key.

But, are we happy and content?

'Tis something we cannot prevent.

We'd like to stay another year,

But bid adieu with a sob and a tear.

JOYCE ARNOLD, '46

SENIOR REMINISCENCES

"I remember when I was a proud and haughty freshman, we had a science class that was second to none. Our instructor, Mr. Moulton, provided many amusing moments. I can remember that day he was showing us that a full glass of water if covered would not spill when inverted. The experiment worked very well except that when Mr. Moulton was in the midst of his discourse the star pupils in the front row were suddenly covered with a deluge of water from the inverted tumbler. Mr. Moulton was also a little damp after he had wrung out the major parts of his attire."

EDWARD KIERNAN, '46

"When I entered A.H.S. as a freshman, I was not only new to the school, but also new to the town.

But I was not alone, as Joe Post was in the same predicament and by some quirk of fate we became buddies in this new world. We didn't do too badly the first two periods as the rooms were easily found, but the fateful third came around and we had gym but could not find the gym again. After about ten minutes of searching we came upon a large hall half filled with chairs. Seeing a group of students under supervision of a teacher we shouted across the hall, "Is this the gymnasium?" Upon hearing this the teacher rose and mildly stated, "Well, it ain't the fire station!"

ALLAN WINSOR, '46

"Some of my most humorous experiences have happened to me while working in the cafeteria. One day, 'Ma' Hickey and I were complaining of the heat. Mrs. Merrill coyly went to the refrigerator and remained there for a few minutes, contemplating what to do. Slowly she came to me and quickly snapped three cubes of ice down my back. In my haste to remove them I slipped on something and landed quite uncomfortably on the floor. My surprised look made Mrs. Merrill and 'Ma' laugh long and heartily, and, gradually, I sensed my ridiculous position and couldn't help but laugh with them."

ALICE PRATT, '46

"I remember an Activity period during my junior year in room four. Someone whistled, but when the teacher, Miss Argus, asked who had whistled, no one knew anything about it. That afternoon at two o'clock the whole room remained while Mr. Frolio asked each one of us individually who had whistled. No one had. It was then Robert

Driscoll said that it might have come through the ventilator. Mr. Frolio replied, "Your father tried the same alibi when an egg appeared on one of the teacher's desks."

JANE CROWLEY, '46

"I remember one day when I was a freshman and study hall had just let out. Everyone was rushing downstairs for a 'snack' and the place was like a beehive. I rounded the corner by what was then Mr. Walsh's room, and proceeded to go down the stairs. It so happened that I was wearing a pair of Mexican Hurrachas that were quite slippery. As I pranced off the top stair, with all the grace of my freshmen elegance, I felt myself floating down the stairs. Suddenly I felt a friendly hand on my shoulder and a husky masculine voice saying, "Can you walk?" Much to my surprise, and as I think back, secret gladness, I could not, so I was gently picked up and carried downstairs by one of my 'idols' of the senior class. What a day!"

JEANNE DRAKE, '46

"Of all my reminiscences of dear old Abington High School, the one that stands out most vividly is the following.

"During my sophomore year I sat behind my jovial comrade, Robert Donovan, in Miss Chadbourne's English class. I took particular delight in giving poor 'Bob' a whack on the neck whenever the opportunity arose. This went on for several months. 'Bob' was getting more and more bruised while I was becoming more and more pleased with myself, until one day Miss Chadbourne turned around and said something to this effect: 'Post, change seats with Donovan, and he can knock your silly head off before I'll stop him.'"

JOSEPH POST, '46

"I remember distinctly a particular Wednesday morning when I was a junior, for on this morning something happened which I had been long awaiting. As on all Wednesdays the recording of the Star-Spangled Banner was played following the usual morning exercises. I rose with my classmates, little suspecting that today one of my fondest dreams would be realized. We stood silently waiting for the familiar opening notes of our National Anthem, when our ears were pierced by the screeching introduction of one of our 'hottest' jazz records. After a stunned moment of silence, delighted laughter could be heard from every corner of the school."

KITTY KEITH, '46

CLASS STATISTICS

<i>Best All-Around</i>	David Roan, Jane Owen
<i>Best Physique</i>	David Roan, Joyce Arnold
<i>Best Athlete</i>	David Roan, Mary Giniewicz
<i>Best Natured</i>	Robert Jacoby, Jane Owen
<i>Best Dancer</i>	Bill Dean, Mary Giniewicz
<i>Most Respected</i>	Joseph Post, Jane Owen
<i>Most Popular</i>	David Roan, Kitty Keith
<i>Best Looking</i>	Philip Fader, Joyce Arnold
<i>Most Sincere</i>	Robert Taylor, Priscilla Taylor
<i>Most typical school boy (girl)</i>	Karl Lipsohn, Marilyn Clark
<i>Most Retiring</i>	Gerard Angeley, Priscilla Taylor
<i>Most Popular with Teachers</i>	Richard D'Amato, Jane Owen
<i>Most helpful to Class and School</i>	Kenneth Bates, Jane Owen
<i>Most loyal to Class and School</i>	Richard D'Amato, Jane Owen
<i>Most Considerate of Others</i>	Karl Lipsohn, Jane Owen
<i>Most Dignified</i>	Robert Taylor, Kitty Keith
<i>Best Actor (Actress)</i>	Allan Winsor, Kitty Keith
<i>Most Obliging</i>	Bob MacKenzie, Jean Drake
<i>Most Friendly</i>	Allan Winsor, Marilyn Clark
<i>Greatest Socialite</i>	Louis Bowmar, Charlotte Murphy
<i>Most Refined</i>	Robert Taylor, Priscilla Taylor
<i>Most Industrious</i>	Richard D'Amato, Jane Owen
<i>Most Temperamental</i>	Julian Gibson, Jean Drake
<i>Wittiest</i>	Allan Winsor, Charlotte Murphy
<i>Most Practical</i>	Bob MacKenzie, Ruth Richardson
<i>Best Conversationalist</i>	Joseph Post, Kitty Keith
<i>Best Mannered</i>	Robert Taylor, Jane Owen
<i>Most Conscientious</i>	Richard D'Amato, Priscilla Taylor
<i>Neatest</i>	Louis Bowmar, Anna Garjian
<i>Most Cheerful</i>	Robert Jacoby, Marilyn Clark
<i>Best Artist</i>	Louis Bowmar, Anna Garjian
<i>Most Likely to Succeed</i>	Richard D'Amato, Priscilla Taylor

ESSAY

"IS A ONE-WORLD GOVERNMENT THE BEST WAY TO EVERLASTING PEACE?"

The London Clothing Company of North Abington offered \$100 in prizes to the senior class for essays on the subject, "Is a One-World Government the Best Way to Everlasting Peace?" The judges awarded First prize of \$50 to Robert Taylor; Second prize of \$25 to Richard D'Amato; Third prize of \$15 to Robert Driscoll, and Fourth prize of \$10 to Marilyn Clark.

By ROBERT TAYLOR

In answering the question, "Is a one world government the best way to everlasting peace?" I say that it is the first step toward everlasting peace.

I believe that we shall have a one world government in a few years. In fact, it is inevitable.

In the beginning of man's reign on the earth, man was an individual. He fought with his neighbor and even with his brother. As man began to think more deeply, he began to realize that there is strength in unity; thus families began to work together. Families fought other families; thus tribes organized. Years later tribes agreed to come together and form city states. Years after that city states united into states. Man realized that the more men he had on his side, the stronger he was. Only a little more than a century and a half ago, the states in our country, now the leading nation of the world, organized to form the United States of America. Throughout the evolution of mankind, there has been a tendency for small bodies to unite to form larger ones. This tendency is so evident that it is good reason to believe that the nations of the world will unite to form the "United States of the World."

Although a one-world government will bring the countries of the world together, I think that we need more than that for everlasting peace. People must be educated to the idea of peace. It is just as essential to have an educational program now to make people peace-minded, as it was during the war to make people war-minded.

How can this program be carried out? I believe that the church is the only way by which people can be educated for peace. What better way is there of teaching the fundamentals of peace than by teaching the sayings of the Prince of Peace, Jesus Christ?

If all men loved their enemies, the word *enemy* could not exist in the sense in which we use it today. I cannot see how war could exist if all men were Christians. In James Thayer Addison's book *Our Expanding Church* he says, "I believe in one catholic and apostolic church. It is apostolic in that it has been missionary since its very founding and catholic in that it is destined to embrace all men." What an ideal situation that would be! It is a goal for which we must work. It is a goal which puts a purpose into life. We must have world-wide Christianity in order to have everlasting peace.

(Continued on Page 21)

By RICHARD D'AMATO

"Is a one world government the best way to everlasting peace?" The main reason for undertaking such a prodigious task is to prevent a third world war, or to prevent the utter destruction of mankind atomically.

The difficulties presented by such a scheme are enough to discourage even one with great faith in the plan. There are many questions arising in the organizing of such a project. What pattern is such a government to follow? What country is to have the greatest influence in the organization?

Many say that we might pattern it after the government of the United States using our Constitution as a basis. This still leaves doubts as to what country is to have the leadership. Even if this problem is settled, and the world government is launched, who is to settle any important controversy such as that which led up to the American Civil War? The nations of the world may split into the two factions, centralists and separationists. With such a situation as this, only war can result—war with atomic weapons. The destruction that can be wrought in such an atomic war will be catastrophic. No, world government is not enough.

To maintain everlasting peace, we must consider something even more fundamentally necessary to world harmony than a world government. We must consider world tolerance. A world government is fine, if based upon something more than a fear of another war. With a solid foundation of tolerance, this plan of a central government of the world has far better chances of being successful. But let us first consider what tolerance involves. To be truly tolerant a man does not need to relinquish any of his own beliefs, but he does need to have a wholesome respect for the different beliefs of others. Not only is tolerance necessary to maintaining peace, but it is also important in forming a finer world government.

If tolerance could begin and spread in ever-widening concentric circles, then a great part of the suspicion that is now prevalent, the world over, would die as a fire without fuel. There can be no peace in a world filled with bigotry and hate. Not until the peoples of this earth realize that hate and suspicion are the prime allies of war, will fighting cease. When the people of our hate-torn world see each other as fellow human beings, all striving for peace on earth, the world will be free from the horror of war.

EDITORIALS

SENIOR OUTLOOK OR SENIOR, LOOKOUT !

The class of '46 is graduating in very trying times, probably the most trying in recent years.

When June twelfth rolls around, there will be in Abington, about sixty young American citizens let loose upon a chaotic and despairing world. Out of this group less than half know what they are going to do. The girls don't have too much to worry about, as jobs for them are not at a premium, but with the boys it is quite a different story.

We neither know nor understand the status of the draft. We cannot, therefore, attempt to go farther to school, even if we could secure admission. If by chance we should miss the draft, we can not get a decent full-time job.

If Congress would only make something concrete out of this draft instead of just going half way about it, as it has done, it would ease the minds of many of our teen-age youth.

Many of us cannot afford a college education, and without one a fellow just won't be of any good in the near future. Ironically, the G.I. Bill of Rights, would fit in just right to help pay for our future education, but the G.I. Bill ends on October sixth and then the government will again start drafting the last of October or the first of November; hence, no G.I. Bill.

Truly, we have been put in a spot, and it's not going to be very easy for us to get out.

We, the class of '46, also have our lives to live. How about our government's giving us a fighting chance?

ALLAN WINSOR, '46

DEATH RIDES THE HIGHWAY

Shortly after the war with Japan had ended and gas rationing was lifted, the total number of traffic deaths was greatly increased. Last August the rate of highway fatalities was raised thirty per cent over the figure for August of 1944. The percentage since then has continually risen until it has reached the incredible figure of forty-nine per cent. In January alone there were three thousand traffic fatalities and this was fifty per cent over the figure for January of 1945.

Becoming alarmed at these figures President Truman summed up the situation in the following words: "The loss of life, the bodily injuries, and the destruction of property resulting from these accidents are a drain upon the nation's resources which we cannot possibly allow to continue." In an effort to combat this situation, President Truman has called a Presidential Conference to meet on

May 8, 9 and 10 for the purpose of finding out ways of making the highways of America safer. All governors, their councils, and police officials of the forty-eight states are invited to attend these meetings.

The National Safety Council has for many years been awarding prizes to cities and states, which have established outstanding safety records.

In most states boys and girls of sixteen are eligible to receive driving licenses. Many receive licenses on the grounds that they can start and steer an automobile. Insurance companies spend millions of dollars annually to impress high school students with safety in driving.

Where the accidents have involved pedestrians, records prove that sixty-six per cent of the pedestrians involved in accidents were guilty of breaking some rule of safety or committing an unsafe act.

JOHN SPILLANE, '48

SUMMING UP MILITARY CONSCRIPTION

Today nearly every person in the United States has heard at one time or another something about Military Training. Many have considered the good and bad aspects of such a policy. Let us now consider and sum up the situation as it stands today.

At present a five-month draft holiday has been declared by Congress. This means that the present day draft law will expire on May 15, and for five months after its expiration no inductions will be made by draft. Congress has proposed that no person under the age of twenty shall be inducted into the Armed forces by draft.

Let us now consider what the youth of America are thinking in regard to conscription. These are two different opinions among the younger men of our country.

Those who are planning to attend a higher school of learning are very much against the drafting of eighteen-year-olds. They want to attend college before entering the service. One draw-back to this is that our colleges and schools are over-crowded with returning veterans who are receiving all the preference.

The second group is composed of young men in high school who are not planning to enter any college after their graduation from high school. In most cases they are either going directly to work or they are planning on entering the armed forces. In this group the boys are in favor of a draft starting with eighteen-year-olds. These boys think that sooner or later they will be called upon to enter the service, therefore, see no reason why they should not enter upon graduation from high school, and get it over with.

If a boy graduates from high school and finds a profitable job, and then has to enter the service when he reaches twenty, two valuable years of his life will have been practically wasted.

One thing that everyone of us should consider is that whatever policy is adopted in regard to military training it will probably have a great bearing on a lasting world peace. Let us hope that whatever decision our leaders make, that decision will be for the good of the country and its youth.

KENNETH BATES, '46

SHOULD EIGHTEEN AND NINETEEN YEAR OLD BOYS BE DRAFTED?

One of the important questions now before our Congress is the extension of the selective service law. The House of Representatives voted to extend conscription nine months but it also voted to exempt all eighteen and nineteen year old boys. The Senate will undoubtedly also extend the bill, but will they too exempt teen-agers? Most educators think that they should, since at eighteen years of age the average youth is unstabilized in his mental reactions. If the boys of these ages are exempted, then the qualified boys graduating from high school can go to college and complete at least two years of academic work before being drafted. Many men state that life overseas is not fit for the immature boy of eighteen or nineteen.

I believe that most of the preceding arguments are baseless. A boy of eighteen or nineteen may not be as well stabilized or mature as a man in his twenties, but often it has been the seventeen, eighteen and nineteen year old boys, who have contributed to many victorious campaigns. They have lived in the occupied countries during wartime. Why can't they live there now? If boys are going to be interrupted while studying at college, they may as well be drafted before they enter, so that they may start from the beginning upon their return. Many boys cannot enter college today because of the crowded conditions; therefore, they might as well serve their army period while waiting to gain entrance.

In view of these foregoing considerations I believe that if the draft is to be continued teen-agers should not be exempted.

BRUCE CRAWFORD, '46

THE WORLD AT LARGE

Let's have a good look at the world! Not a very pretty sight, is it? But that's a muddle we must help to clean up and it is going to take the

shoulder of every man, woman, and child to push the cart out of the rut. None can afford to go along just for the ride.

All the countries across the ocean have to be morally and physically cleaned up first. We, the helpers, must bear in mind the fact that these people have seen the horrors of war. Rocket bombs and concentration camps have burned their memories so that every time they close their eyes they see again the disaster of their own homes or someone else's.

Let us close our eyes for a short time and imagine what they must have seen. Look up and see a bomb "coming your way." Run! You stumble! Fright seizes you and you cannot move. Everything happens in a split second, but it seems like years. Then the crash! Wood splinters in a shattering blow. You are thrown bodily to the ground. It is over—a few minutes later you look around and your house is no longer there. The loved ones who were in the house no longer exist. Mentally in a daze you begin to walk toward nothing, for nothing. You are bewildered, hopeless.

It is this hopelessness that we must replace with faith; it is this dazed condition that we must replace with a happy environment. There are millions of Greek, Dutch, French and Polish refugees, the unlucky ones who were not relieved by death, those who continued to suffer, that we must help. It is the clothing drives, the war loans, the foreign relief corps who are doing the big job.

Let us take the case of Emmanuel Oddyseus. He joined the Greek forces, was taken prisoner by the Germans and was released early in 1945, to be brought to America. He worried about his family. He thought about his wife, and little Tony, his son. He thought about his mother and father, who were old and unstable when he left home in 1939. He wondered if his sister and brother were still alive, or had the war taken them? He spoke his fears out, and he was told to go to the Red Cross. The kindly woman at the Red Cross headquarters obtained from him what information she could before he broke down. She contacted the Red Cross officials nearest the home of his family. Within two weeks he found out that his brother and sister had starved to death, that his mother had died from fright, that his father had been shot as a hostage by the Germans. His wife and son, who were nearly starving were taken in hand by the Red Cross, fed and given good clothes. Emmanuel was sad and pleased to hear this and was utterly grateful to the Red Cross.

Thus the refugees and their families are helped.

Let us all "pitch in" and do our part to clean up the world!

DOROTHY LEDWELL, '46

A MESSAGE FROM THE SUPERINTENDENT

HOWARD F. MASON

To the Seniors of Abington High School:

It is with sincere regret that I find you leaving Abington High School before I have had an opportunity to really know you. Although it has been a pleasure to see your happy faces as we passed each other in the hall, or to listen to you enthusiastically enter into a discussion during my brief visits to your classes; although I have been thrilled and cheered when you sent a ball swishing through the basket, or when the crack of a bat sent a ball zooming for a home run (and they tell me greater things happened last fall); although I have talked with your teachers about you and checked over your official records, I do not feel that I know you because there has been so little time. Having a real and sincere interest in young people I surely hope that in future years the senior classes and I can overcome this deficiency.

As you look out about you the world seems troubled, upset, and full of evil—be unafraid. When words of strikes, shortages, conflicts are broadcasted—be unafraid. When world powers refuse to act like adult nations, and sow the seeds of future wars—be unafraid. When the usual glowing opportunities in college and the business world are closed to you—be unafraid. Rather take it as a challenge which you, with your courage, strength and cleverness will accept and conquer. Great things will come from you—the future leaders of our nation. In spite of all the dire tales one hears about the young people of today I, personally, have great faith in you. After all, except for the fact that you are a little healthier, a little happier, a little franker, you are doing what your fathers and mothers, your grandfathers and grandmothers did, only you function in a slightly different environment, and have modern equipment with which to operate. You are youth and to youth all things are possible.

With long faces some people state that all the frontiers are conquered and that there is nothing left to do. But this is just old age settling back in its chair for a well earned rest. Actually the new fields in science, social relationships, world government, medicine and many other subjects are just opening up, glowing with shining new peaks to be surmounted, followed by ever more and higher

peaks to be reached. The world is yours and all you need is the intestinal fortitude to go out and take it. Never has there been the crying need for young men and women with perseverance and ability, never have there been opportunities for greatness that lie ahead of you today. Do you want to make a million dollars? Do you want to travel to the four corners of the globe? Do you want to serve mankind? Do you want to be world-famous? Do you seek adventure? Then go out and do it because the opportunity is there.

We never go back to days gone by, the past is over and done with. Although by diligence and perseverance you have acquired the wisdom and understanding of the past which will serve as a foundation for the days that lie ahead, you must keep your eyes ever forward to the future of this Great Land of Ours where life is going to be constantly better and better. The task that lies ahead of you is enormous but I know you will succeed.



TIME

The sands of time are ever passing,
Where I do not know,
But in eternity they are massing;
There I'd like to go.

The dust of time is creeping forward
Through the centuries,
Are we with it passing forward?
Time is hard to please.

Some time is swift and some is slow:
It is hard to say,
Whether time should pass like this, or flow
In an even way.

If I could find my wasted time,
I'd use it to progress
Into a future so sublime
I'd never know distress.

RICHARD D'AMATO, '46

ESSAYS

THE JUNIOR TOWN MEETING OF THE AIR

"Should the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Grades be added to our System of Free Public Education?" This topic was assigned to Abington High School to prepare for the "Junior Town Meeting of the Air."

Those students who wished to try out for the program did so voluntarily by preparing a speech on either the negative or the affirmative side of this topic. Each student competing read his speech over the broadcasting system of the high school. Robert Taylor, Dean Haskins, Richard D'Amato, Pearl Lucas, Hazel Skillings and David Crownfield took part in the competition.

The faculty voted on the speakers with regard to content and delivery and elected Robert Taylor as the student best qualified to take part on the radio program. Dean Haskins was chosen as the alternate speaker. Several of the students from Abington High accompanied "Bob" to Boston to question the competitors in the free discussion period following the program.

Robert Taylor's script is as follows:

During the past few years of war our country has faced many shortages. We are still facing them, but I believe that the most serious one is yet to come. That is a shortage of educated men and women. I believe that this shortage will come in a few years when boys who went into the service instead of into college would have been completing their education.

What can we do to relieve that situation? We must try to encourage more young people to go to college and take up the fields such as science which will suffer greatly from the shortage. I think that all agree that it is not wise to send people to college who do not want to go and probably would not study after they got there. However, there are many young people who would be successful at college if they could afford to go. It is the duty of this democratic country to provide these people with an education. By adding grades XIII and XIV the situation would be relieved, the problem would be solved. Now is a good time to revise our present system.

In adding two more grades to the public school system new buildings and more teachers would be necessary. More varied courses should be installed. Vocational courses to meet individual needs should be a part of the program. The new high schools should include large plants in which the whole community should take part.

If this school is going to take the place of two

years of college, it must be properly equipped. There must be more teachers. They must be trained along specific lines. If the school is in the city there must be courses of salesmanship, business and engineering. If it is in the country there might be a course in agriculture with a farm for practical work in some part of the school grounds.

Many changes are essential in our school systems. These changes are costly changes, but our country must consider its people as its greatest resource. It must, for its own protection, provide for the education of its young people.

ROBERT TAYLOR, '46

THE THREE-HEADED OGRE

To fight a Three-headed ogre was Jeunesse's main purpose in life. From early childhood to stalwart manhood his father had trained him for just this purpose. This ugly monster had come to his land when his father, Vielhomme, was just a young man. No one had given any attention, or at the most very little, to ridding this menace from the country forever. Not many years had passed before the monster had grown to enormous proportions. No longer was their land the great outpost of freedom that it had been in the past. Vielhomme took to hiding along with his surviving brethren. When they had gone into hiding, Jeunesse had been only a child, and his father began at once to teach him all the pitfalls in fighting giants. Jeunesse was taught to be brave, to have determination and above all, to know the weak spots of the ogre. Soon he arrived at the period when he began to realize the full strength of his body. He was ready to start his arduous task of battling the giant.

One day Vielhomme took him aside and said, "Jeunesse, you are becoming very restless. What is the matter?"

"I want to fight the monster now."

"Do you really think you are ready?"

"Yes, let me start at once."

"All right," conceded his father, "but you must remember all that I have taught you."

Jeunesse set out immediately to kill the monster. He did not have far to look, for before he had gone a mile, he encountered the hideous three-headed monster. The monster spied him and began to hiss and roar vehemently.

"Ho, black monster, I have come to slay you!" called out Jeunesse, brandishing his shining sword.

The ogre laughed at him, whereupon Jeunesse charged the giant and struck him a mortal blow. The surprised monster staggered back and sank to the ground, gave one last gasp and died. Suddenly the sun burst into view and the surrounding country

side attained a more cheerful aspect than it had had when the giant had plied his predatory career.

This story has a present application. The three great problems facing us today are the extensive strikes for higher wages, our great war debt and our relations with other countries. This is the three-headed monster that is finding its way into our country. If I may take the liberty of saying it, the youth of our country is a far more important factor in combatting this monster than many older people wish to acknowledge.

The training of our youth is an important item in solving these problems. Older people sometimes do not realize that the problems of the country are often settled by the youth upon their arrival at the proper age. The younger generation of our country must be trained to meet these situations, while they are young enough to have their opinions molded. They must be trained thoroughly, not superficially.

Another important point in the education of our youth is this: the spirit of the younger generation must not be stifled, but directed. This is the great problem in all education. The greatest weapon of youth, the spirit that if given a chance is capable of striking down this three-headed ogre, must be stimulated and inspired if civilization is to endure.

RICHARD D'AMATO, '46

EDUCATING THE CONQUERED NATIONS

Education is badly needed for the conquered countries. The job of providing this education must be thoroughly done. We cannot fool ourselves by thinking that a little education will do that job, for it won't.

For ages, in the case of Japan, the people have been taught that the greatest honor possible is to die for the Emperor in war. The job of teaching the Japanese people will be tremendously difficult for this reason, as well as for many others. The Japanese are entirely different from us in temperament and customs. Unless we are tactful, our teaching may do more harm than good.

The education must be very general. Living conditions in the conquered countries are at the present time very poor. They must be improved, and education in the proper channels will prove an ally in establishing a permanent helping hand. Minds warped by hate need careful treatment. Those who attempt to teach these people must have tact and infinite patience.

The future of the conquered countries lies in its youth. If they can be educated in the ways of peace and democracy the future of the world will be much brighter than it now is. The present day youth of both Germany and Japan have had hate and thoughts of war drilled into their minds. To change the thoughts and ideals for which these young people have lived will be a very difficult task.

But we must do it. Our only hope for world peace lies in universal education.

LOIS GALBRAITH, '48

GIVE ME BACK MY AMERICA

Before the great war, through which we have just passed, many nations, fed on a diet of stories about flagpole sitters and gang murderers in the United States, thought too readily of Americans as crude human beings living in a remote land, "gadget-goofy and still wet behind their cultural-ears."

Using the Englishman as an example, it is evident that to him America gleams in the distance as some sort of paradise compared to his war-time life of threadbare clothes, scanty food and many things that even the poor in the United States do not *have* to endure. The Englishman, at first slightly aghast at American troops giving, so generously, chewing gum to the children and candy to the girls discovered a short while later that his American visitors were not so completely crazy as he had previously believed them to be. This recent war has brought home to the Englishman the fact that there is something to the Americans beyond the happy-go-lucky attitude so many gaily assume. Although the war-time acquaintanceship has helped immeasurably, the British still have a great deal to learn about the Americans.

In the title of this brief essay, I asked for my America back. When I made that simple request I didn't mean that I wanted gang-murders by the hundreds or any other such crimes—I did mean that I wanted back a fun-loving people inhabiting a prosperous land—an America free of the many disputes which have occurred since the conclusion of the recent war. I realize that these numerous problems must be settled, but once they are, can't we have America back?—My wonderful America with such a fabulous past and such a brilliant future?

ANNE SHEA, '48



FIRST PRIZE ESSAY

(Continued from Page 16)

Let us support a plan for a one-world government which will protect us and everyone else from fear and want! At the same time let us support the work of the church in order that it may spread over the world so that we, with faith in God, may have everlasting peace!

SHORT STORY

LA LETTRE

Behind a resplendent black-walnut stained desk sat Bill Curtis perusing the Local Star. It had a front page writeup, topped by a photograph of him and his wife and their three offsprings, about the party given to them last night by the boys from the office to celebrate their fifth wedding anniversary. Bill was not addicted to reading newspapers on company time, but his boss had gone home and in five minutes it would be time for him to go also.

"Strange letter for you, Mr. Curtis," announced Joey, the new tow-headed office boy.

"Thanks, Joey."

Bill proceeded to open this letter, which was strange indeed, since it had three foreign postage stamps on it, and the penmanship was ostentatiously perfect. After wondering over the envelope a while, he opened it to discover that it was written in French. Bill's paucity of French enabled him to comprehend only the salutation which read, "Mon cher Bill." Without giving it another thought, he thrust it into his vest pocket and left his office.

When he alighted from the trolley at the top of his street, he was greeted with, "Hi ya, Bill." Turning around, Bill saw David, his best friend, who had taken French for four years in college.

"Say Dave, I got a letter from France today written in French. Will you please tell me what it says?"

"Surely. Give me the letter."

Bill fished into his vest pocket and brought forth the alien epistle. No sooner had Dave read the first line than he struck Bill a savage blow across the face and before the astonished Bill could ask an explanation, he added: "Don't ever speak to me again in your life!"

Bill was completely bewildered and as a result of Dave's ferocious blow the front of his light tan coat was sanguine from the profuse bleeding of his distorted nose.

"What in the world happened to you?" asked his solicitous wife the minute he stepped inside the house.

His wife took the letter, read it for a short time, put it down and vehemently ejaculated, "Bill Curtis!" She then called all the children, gathered her personal belongings, and without further ado left the house without saying a thing to befuddled Bill.

Bill was now in an abject state of mind. He had lost his best friend, his wife and three children, the dearest things he owned in this world, and he did not know why. After mulling it over in his

perplexed mind, he came to the conclusion that it must be the letter.

He would get help. He would go to policeman Murphy and have him tell him what the letter contained and what to do about what had already occurred.

"'Murph,' I'm in an awful muddle. It concerns this letter here. Will you tell me what it says?"

"I'd be glad to do a favor for you anytime, Bill."

Murph took the letter, read the first line, stopped and then looked straight at Curtis with his eyes full of incredulity. He then took his billy club and truculently beat Bill over the head shouting, "Don't let me ketch you in my sight again or I'll turn you in!"

Bill had no idea of what he should do, for all the townspeople learned what had happened and refused to have anything to do with him. He had lost his good job and was penniless.

A college graduate and among the top ranking students of his class, Bill now became a bum begging for his sustenance night and day. This went on for ten bitter years.

Then, one day, he found that the friend he had travelled around with for the past ten years knew French well. With renewed vigor he asked his travelling companion, "Will you please tell me what this letter says? No matter what it says, I don't mean it. Just tell me what it says."

When his companion agreed, Bill with the eagerness of a student entering the lunchroom groped in his shoddy habiliment for the letter which he sincerely abhorred. At last he was going to find out what he had craved to know for ten years.

But, alas, he had lost the bewildering letter!

PAUL MORIARTY, '46

DREAMS

The tinkling bells are calling, calling,
Sounding from afar,
While heavy hearts are longing, longing
For a distant star.

Are you always dreaming, dreaming
Of a goal so high,
Or do you sit there sighing, sighing,
While golden time files by?

The days are ever passing, passing,
Never to return.
We must keep working, working
Stopping ne'er to yearn.

RICHARD D'AMATO, '46

POETRY

SPRING

Of all the seasons of the year
Spring brings the greatest joy:
The days grow long, the sun is near,
The balmy air is full of cheer,
A blue bird calls from the cedar tree
In Spring.

The icy brooks in meadows green
Are flooded by the April rains;
Occasionally a trout jumps up
And disappears as soon again;
Peepers are heard in every swamp
In Spring.

Under last year's oaken leaves
The timid arbutus once again,
Sends forth her pink and fragrant buds,
While farmers plow the rich brown earth
In Spring.

SHEILA McKEOWN, '48

MY SISTER

Who leaves my room askew,
And whose clothes hang on the door?
Whose drawer is partly open
And whose shoes litter the floor?

Who reads my private notes
And my diary, aloud,
The silly things I wrote,
To all the "kids" in her crowd?

And when friends come to call
Who peeps around the door?
I get no peace at all;
Now I don't try any more.

Who takes my part in fights
And cheers me when I'm blue?
Who waits up for me nights?
Have you a sister, too?

"Wish I had a sister, too!"
I often hear girls sigh.
Yes, I guess there are a few
Who aren't so lucky as I.

MARYLOU DEVLIN, '48

GOD'S HELPER

An angel came to earth one day
With presents from above;
She brought with her the month of May,
The beautiful month of love.

She painted the sky a royal blue
And made earth a heavenly tower
By sprinkling the grass with dew
And tinting and etching each flower.

She then composed the robin's song
And the throaty meadow-lark's
She made the ground hog come along
From out his home so dark.

She beckoned to a lithe young fawn
And showed him how to play.
She bade the sun to hasten on
And flood with light the day.

And with the setting of the sun
She ascended to the sky,
Then looked upon her work, well done,
As she hastened away on high.

The curtain closed upon this scene.
But she will once more bring,
Flowers of yellow and grasses green,
This sweet angel we all call spring.

MARYLOU DEVLIN, '48

THE FREEDOM OF THE SEA

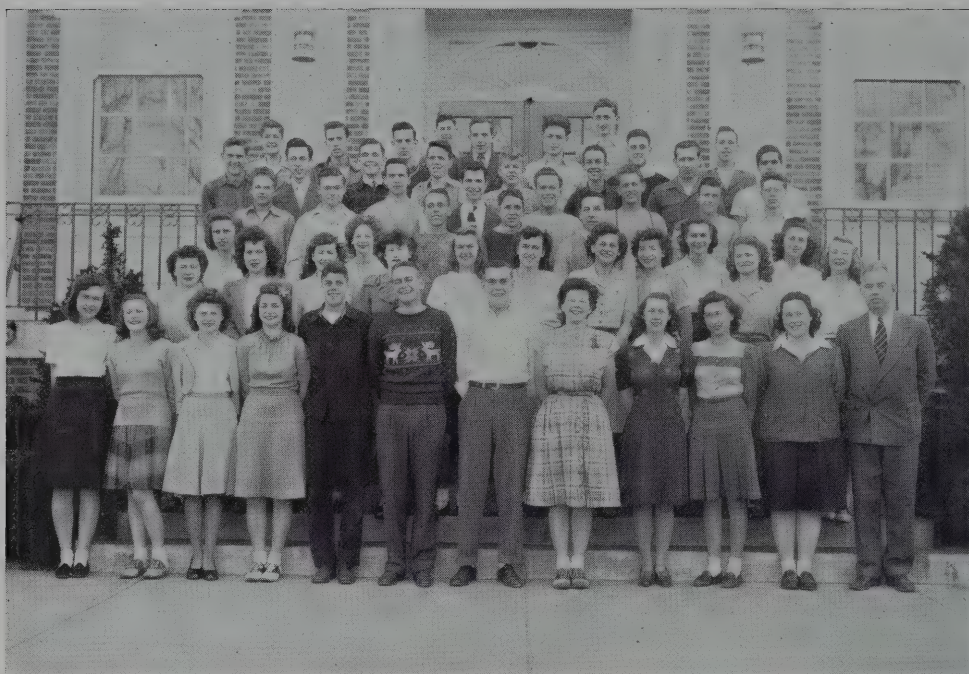
Just the fresh, clear, bitter spray
And a wind that follows fast;
Just a light ship wild and free
And the slow creak of the mast
And the heaving swell of the haughty sea;

Just the slap of cold, green water,
Which winks up at the sun;
Just the raucous scream of sea gulls
That cry with the wind as one
And the salty tang of the stinging air;

Just the surge of joyous hearts
That know the freedom of the sea;
Just the wild joy of a mystic song
That rules the waves as it rules me!
Oh, might I yield to its aching cry!

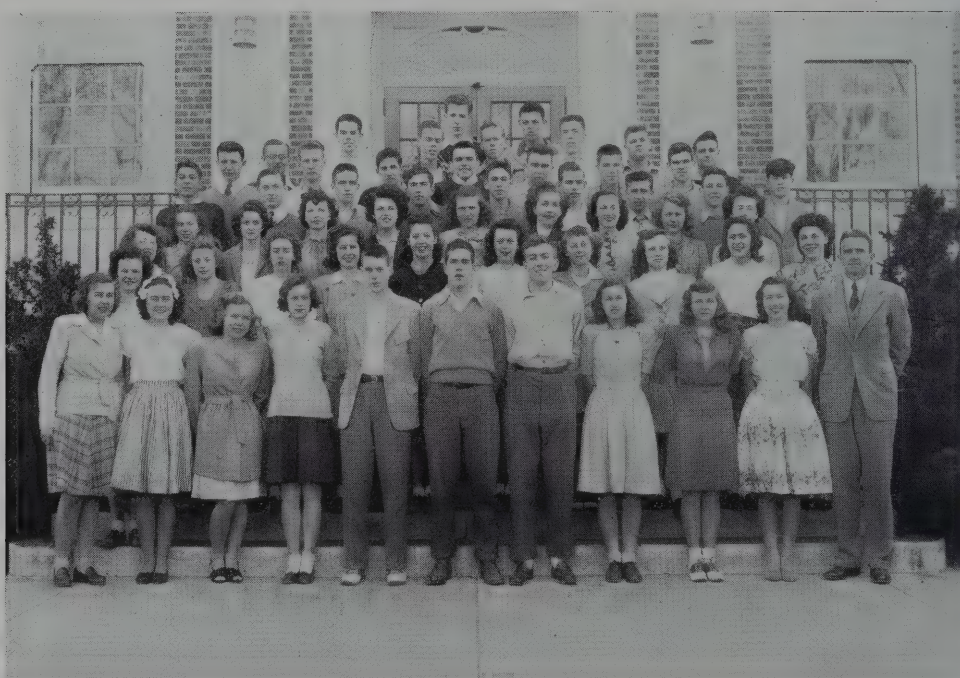
CAROLYN KEITH, '46

THE ABHIS



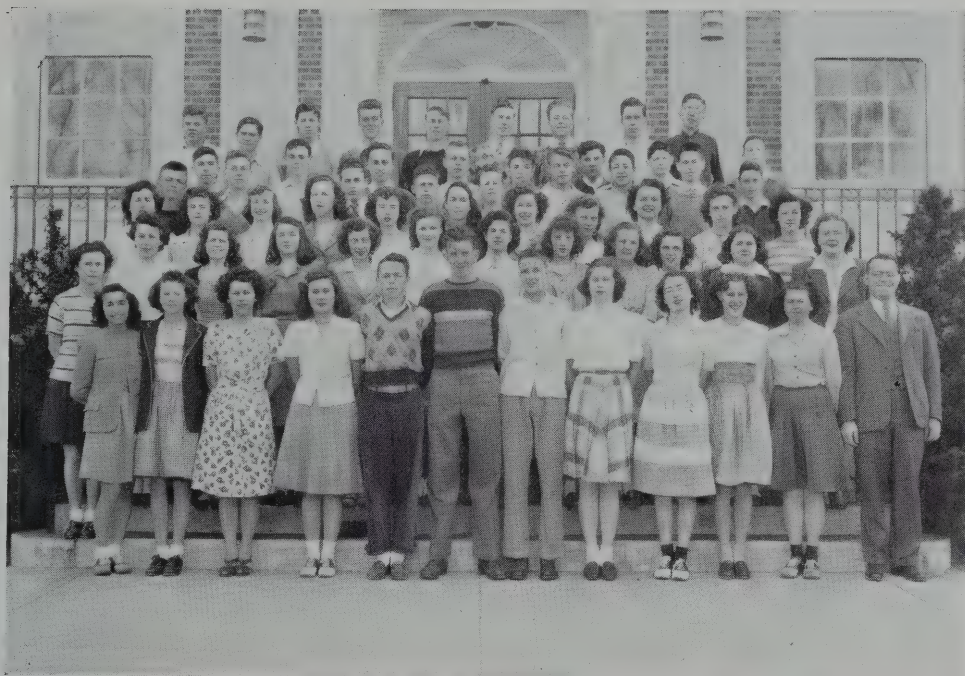
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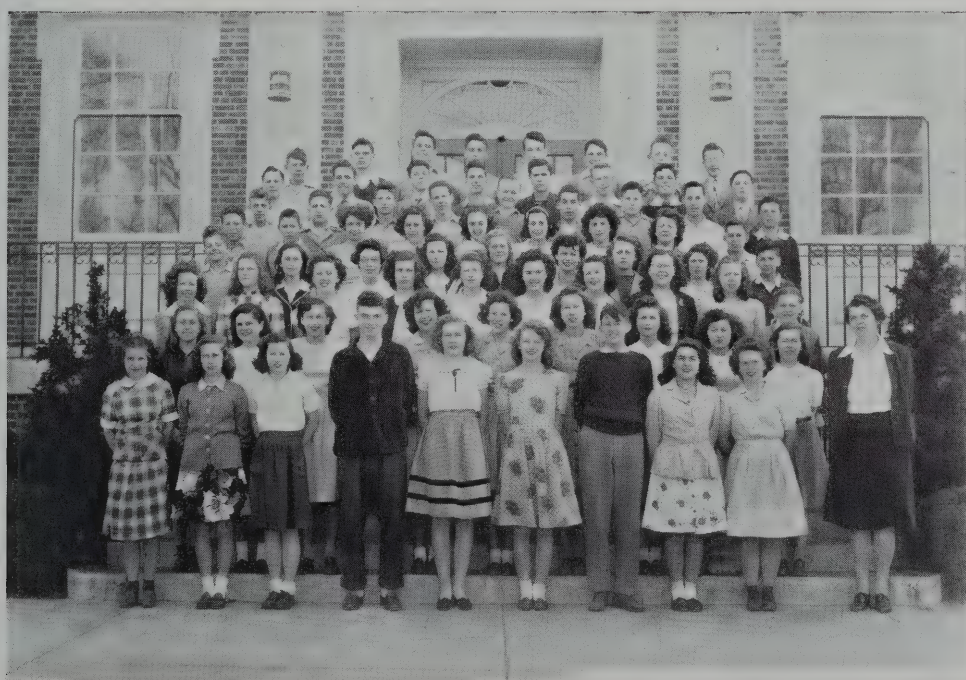
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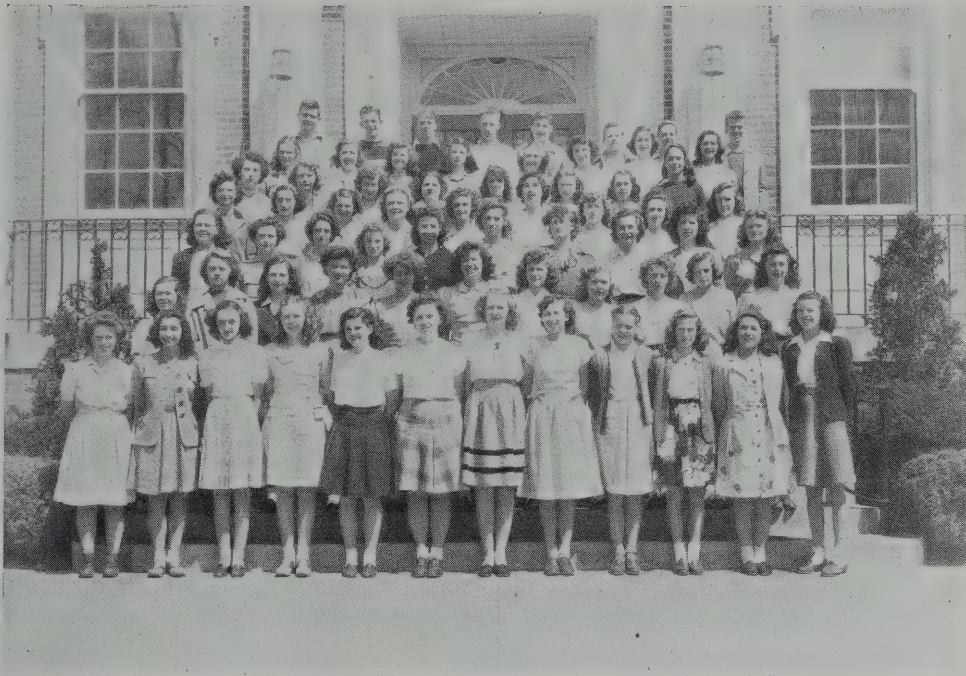
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HOME ROOM OFFICERS

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Second Row — P. Blake, P. Lucas, M. Ball, J. Spillane, R. Sanderson, J. Sullivan, J. Purcell, P. McKeown, J. Devlin.
Third Row — A. Winsor, W. Kiely, A. Shea, M. Wilson, J. Arnold, J. Lynch, B. Gilman.
Fourth Row — D. Roan, R. Brown, P. Christianson, P. Moriarty, D. Cowell, P. Fader.



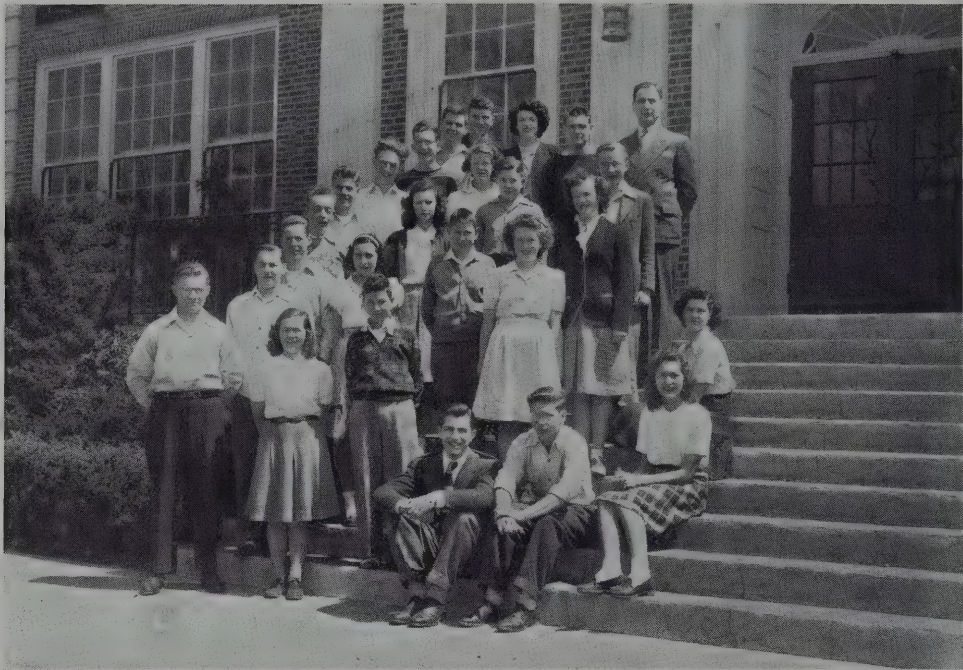
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BAND

Director, Donald Leach.



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ART CLUB

President, Carolyn Keith; Vice-President, Robert Brady; Secretary, Elizabeth Stevens; Treasurer, Allan Winsor.



CHEER LEADERS

Betty Stevens, Carolyn Keith, Mary Giniewicz, Joyce Arnold, Jane Owen, Marilyn Clark.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Front Row — Shirley Frolio, Marion Wilson, June Seaman, Mary Giniewicz, Marylou Devlin, Sally Sanderson.

Second Row — Edna Calderara, Frances Watson, Jane Owen, Joanne Purcell, Beverly Smith.

Third Row — Rose Carroll, *manager*; Alice Pratt, Phyllis Duhaine, Betty Pratt, Ruth Lillie;
Coach, Toiva Tyti.



BASEBALL TEAM

Front Row — John Spillane, Richard Cox, David Stockbridge, David Roan, Richard Lake, Joseph Post.
Second Row — Fred Hatch, David Anderson, Robert Spratt; Kenneth Bates, *Manager*; Richard Morey, *Coach*; Donald Morey, Robert Meserve, Robert Thayer.

Abington 11 — Rockland 10

As Abington High defeated their shoetown rivals, they scored their sixth consecutive triumph and their third league victory. At the end of the third inning, Abington led 10 to 2, but during the later innings, Rockland began to close the eight-run gap. In a wild sixth inning, Rockland scored five runs on only one hit. Don Morey, who had relieved Anderson on the Abington mound, suddenly became wild and allowed five bases on balls.

As the game ended, Rockland had the tying run on second base when Anderson fanned O'Kelly and Hickey to end the game.

Anderson whiffed ten, while Morey fanned six. Morey did not allow a hit during his three innings on the mound but his numerous walks were costly. Roan led the Abington battlers with a double and a single, and Al Molla of Rockland collected two hits, including a two-bagger.

Baseball Scores

Abington 10	East Bridgewater	0
Abington 16	Watertown	1
Abington 8	East Bridgewater	3

Abington 3	Middleboro	2
Abington 5	Whitman	3
Abington 11	Rockland	10
Abington 6	Plymouth	3
Abington 1	Hingham	8

Hingham 8 — Abington 1

As Abington entered this contest, they were still unbeaten in seven starts, but they emerged from the fray on the short end of an 8 to 1 score. Hingham, also unbeaten in seven games, gave their ace flinger, Sal Trubia, flawless support, as he turned in some highly effective pitching, but the Abington fielding was far from good. Abington made no less than nine errors, five in a disastrous five-run fourth.

Dave Anderson, starting hurler for Abington, went six full innings, allowing three hits and four passes while fanning seven. But in the fatal fourth, where one hit combined with five errors split wide open what was an airtight 1-0 game.

Roan and Thayer each collected two hits for Abington, while none of the Hingham players was able to obtain more than a single hit.



TRACK TEAM

Front Row — Kenneth Eldredge, Donald Libby, Edwin Mattson, James Sullivan, Gordon Slinger, Allan Winsor, Chester Mackey.

Second Row — Robert Rogers, John Lynch, David Crownfield, Ted Pearson; Toiva Tyni, *Coach*; Louis Bowmar, Paul Pattison, Kenneth Bates, William Kelly.

Howard 53 — Abington 24

At the Abington High athletic field on the afternoon of May 8, Howard High School of West Bridgewater thoroughly trounced the Abington stars 53-24. Don Holbrook and Leon Beaulieu each turned in a triple victory performance for Howard, while Kennie Bates featured for the home team. Holbrook won the quarter-mile run, the running high jump and the running broad jump, while Beaulieu led the field in the 100 and 220-yard dashes and also the shotput event. Bates captured second place in both the 100 and 220-yard dashes.

Summary of Events

100-yard dash: Won by Beaulieu (H); Bates (A) second; Mattson (A) third. Time—11 1/5 seconds.

220-yard dash: Won by Beaulieu (H); Bates (A) second; Winsor (A) third. Time—25 seconds.

440-yard run: Won by Holbrook (H); Patterson (A) second; Pearson (A) third. Time—57.6 seconds.

880-yard run: Won by Anderson (H); Sullivan (A) second; Lawson (H) third. Time—2 minutes, 23 seconds.

Mile run: Won by Lawson (H); Rogers (A) second; Staves (H) third. Time—5 minutes, 36 seconds.

High jump: Won by Holbrook (H); Haskill (H) second; Mackie (A) third. Height—5 feet.

Shotput: Won by Beaulieu (H); Duhaine (A) second; Moriarty (A) third. Distance—37 feet, 10 inches.

Broad jump: Won by Holbrook (H); Gurney (H) second; Mattson (A) third. Distance—18 feet.

880-yard relay: Won by Howard (Holbrook, Twomey, Beaulieu, Fratus). Time—1 minute, 47 seconds.

Track Scores

Abington 25	Hingham 61
Abington 24	Howard 53
Abington 63	Middleboro 32

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Class of 1946*



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Abington

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ABINGTON

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Weymouth Gazette Press

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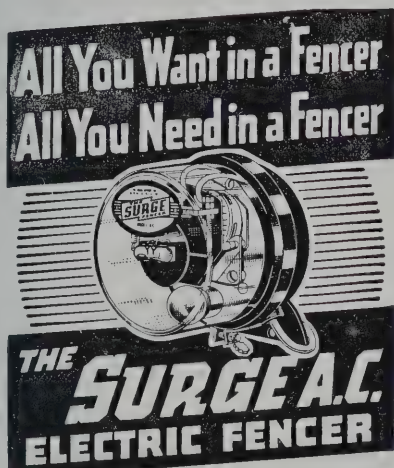
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to
the
CLASS
of
1946

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Abington Centre

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Best Wishes
to
Abington High Graduates



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